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“GREAT IS DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS”

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

Strange are the things they say,
These strangers who, day after day,
Talk in our market place; their words are wild,
Yet mild
Their eyes, as those of men by dreams beguiled.

Sometimes my father stays to hear them there,
Holding me by the hand;—
I wonder why they care
So much to make us understand
About the God they worship as their own,
Whose face is graven on no precious stone,
Whose image never cut from any metal rare,
Who lives unseen, alone?
Surely that land
They came from must seem very cold and bare
Without these gracious forms my youth has known,
So many and so fair.

My father fashions very skillfully
Shrines of pure silver for the votaries
Of her who is the purest of all these,
And there her image stands;
But I can see
Her footprints any time beneath the trees,
Or in the stream's soft sands,
And often in the early morn
Her horn
Wakes the light echo that awakens me.—
These strangers tell
Of One who is too great to dwell
In any temple made with human hands;
And so is she
Too free.

I think I shall be glad when they
 Have gone away
 And I can quite forget their eyes,
 That are so sad and deep
 And seem to keep
 Some secret of a world grown still and gray;—
 Where the far music dies
 That called so clear;
 Where she may never come again so near
 As she has come before,
 Nor hang her shining symbol any more
 Low in the western skies.

THE IDOL

EDWARD H. PFEIFFER

There was a temple in the golden east,
 and when the toilsome web of day was spun,
 men turned unto their idol, one by one,
 and worshipped him with incense and with priest.
 Once, in a twilight, when they turned to pray,
 they found no idol on the altar-stone,
 but still the incense burned, the priest alone
 still prayed amid wild hearts and dumb dismay.
 O love, although I cannot see thee now,
 I worship still at thy deserted shrine.
 Love's incense burns and still love's priest is heard.
 I wait: Perhaps thy hand will make a sign.
 I wait: Perhaps thy breath will kiss my brow.
 I wait: Perhaps thy heart will speak a word.